

# The Kraftman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1871.

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## Select Poetry.

### ONE BY ONE.

They are gathering homeward from every land,  
One by one;  
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,  
One by one;  
Their brows are enfolded in a golden crown,  
One by one;  
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,  
One by one;  
And, clothed with white raiments, they rest on  
One by one.

Where the Lamb loveth his chosen to lead,  
One by one;  
Before they rest they pass through the strife,  
One by one;  
Through the waters of death they enter life,  
One by one;

To some are the floods of the river still,  
One by one;  
As they ford their way to the heavenly hill;  
One by one;  
To others the waves run fiercely and wild,  
One by one;  
Yet all reach the home of the undelivered,  
One by one.

We too shall come to the river side,  
One by one;  
We are nearer its waters each even tide,  
One by one;  
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,  
One by one;  
Now and again, through our life's deep dream—  
One by one;  
Sometimes the floods o'er the banks overflow,  
One by one;  
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,  
One by one.

Jesus! Redeemer! we look to Thee,  
One by one;  
We lift our voices tremblingly,  
One by one;  
The waves of the river are dark and cold,  
One by one;  
We know not the spots where our feet may hold,  
One by one;  
Thou, who didst pass through in deep midnight,  
One by one;  
Strengthen us, send us the staff and the light,  
One by one.

Plant Thy foot beside us as we tread,  
One by one;  
On Thy feet let us lean each drooping head,  
One by one;  
Let Thy mighty arm around us be twined,  
One by one;  
We'll call out our fears and come to the wind,  
One by one;  
Savior! Redeemer! with Thee fall in view,  
One by one;  
Sustaining, gloriously shall we pass through,  
One by one.

### AN OLD GAME.

"Button! button! who's got the button?"  
These words fell in hurried accents of  
excitement from the cherry-tipped lips of Miss  
Lucy Ware, and were accompanied by a  
fairly low and deep of fascinating screams.  
She was just about to step aboard the cars  
when she discovered her loss.

"Oh dear! it was on when I started.  
What can have become of it? I can never  
match it in this world!"

And she cast a look of consternation at  
the vacant place on her sash, where there  
should have been a large agate button.

"Why don't you look around for it,"  
she demanded of her hand-maiden, Gerald  
Wentworth, who was to see her safely start-  
ing on her journey.

He elevated his eyebrows at her imperi-  
ous tone, and scanned the ground at her feet.

"What are you looking at, Tom Shelly?  
You'd better go back to your greasy machine  
shop, unless you can find my button!"

Tom Shelly lifted his hat, bowed low to  
her, and walked away. He had come to  
take a last look at the despotic little beauty  
before she passed from his vision,  
perhaps forever. She was the incarnation  
to him of all that was bright, winning,  
sprightly and lovable; and after she was  
gone he would miss and dream about her,  
when she, perhaps, would bestow only an  
occasional, transient thought on him as an  
atom among her home reminiscences.

Just then the warning whistle sounded,  
and Miss Ware was compelled, sorely against  
her will, to submit to her loss, and proceed  
on her journey.

She waved her handkerchief, Gerald Went-  
worth waved his hat, and then the latter  
overtook Tom Shelly.

"She's a high-toned little piece, Shelly,"  
he said.

"Who? Oh yes! Miss Ware. She's  
been gone for a long time, I believe?"

"All winter."

Tom sighed. He looked at his rusty  
clothes and contrasted them with the elegant  
suit of his companion.

"She's pretty proud, isn't she?"

"Proud as Lucifer's sister-if he had  
one," laughed Wentworth. "Though I  
don't know as I ought to say that. I think  
a good deal of her myself."

"You do?"

"Yes—she's my cousin, you know."

"She is very beautiful."

"And she knows it too."

Tom was silent. He did not feel capable  
of maintaining his careless tone; so he  
looked straight ahead, and he planted his  
heels on the pavement with vigor as he  
stepped.

"They say you're the best man in Dun-  
ning's machine shop, Shelly. How's that?"

"Curse the machine shop and its greasy  
and dirt!" exclaimed Shelly. "I wish I'd  
chosen some more genteel business."

"Well, it isn't as neat as it might be, to  
be sure. But still, when you get up to the  
top, it's all right. Look at Dunning—how  
he stands in the community. He began by  
kindling the fires, you know."

Here the two turned off in different di-  
rections. Their brief conversation passed  
from Wentworth's mind immediately; but  
Tom remembered it, dwelling and lingering  
on each word, and turning it over and over  
in his mind. There was no torture so de-  
lightful to him as to hear Lucy Ware talk-  
ed about, and to meditate on whatever con-  
cerned her in near or remote degree. He  
watched with stealth her smiles, and was en-  
vied with all the world because he could not  
resist the infatuation. For he ought to  
have dismissed her from his thoughts with  
content after she refused one thought to go  
to a concert with him because he did not

dress well enough. He was wounded and  
cut; but the circumstance did not bring  
common sense to his head. He sulked and  
toiled, and hoped with a miserable, doubting  
hope, and pocketed his fifteen dollars a week  
and was still an abject slave.

Miss Ware was going to New York to  
spend the winter with a wealthy aunt, and  
now he had her last words to think of—a  
command to go back to his greasy machine  
shop!

When he left the shop that night it was  
to walk home with slow steps and a thought-  
ful face. Rumination in which there were  
gleams of sense, energy and purpose, ran  
through his head.

He found supper waiting, and sat down  
opposite his mother with an absent, preoc-  
cupied look.

"Are you tired, Tom?"

"No, not particularly."

"I thought you looked so."

"Dunning began at the bottom, didn't  
he, mother? And why can't I work up to  
where he stands now? Yes, Wentworth  
was right. I'll do it!"

"Oh, nothing—only I'm not going to  
stand at the lathe all my life—I can tell you  
that."

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? Aren't  
you doing very well now?"

"No. I'm nothing but a greasy, begrim-  
ed laborer. But I'll make my mark yet, or  
give up the ghost."

"Mercy! don't talk so. I thought you  
were very well satisfied."

"Satisfied!" contemptuously.

"It is wrong to murmur against one's lot.  
We ought to be thankful—"

"Don't mention the word 'thankful' to  
me! Pardon me, mother, I don't mean to  
speak unkindly; but—well there's a going to  
be a change, that's all."

"You don't mean that you're going to  
leave Mr. Dunning?"

"No, no."

"What was it about Mr. Wentworth?"

"Oh, I met him to-day." Tom blushed—  
"and he reminded me of how Dunning be-  
gan as a chore-boy, and of the way he stands  
now. And I thought, why can't one do it  
as well as another? Why can't I do it?"

Tom looked at his mother in a defiant,  
argumentative way.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied,  
slightly nonplussed. "But you shouldn't  
deceive yourself by building air castles."

"I'll take care of that. But I've got an  
idea that I mean to work out. It may  
amount to nothing."

"What is it, Tom?"

"I can't tell you now. You know that  
brain sometimes makes more money than  
hands. If I could only invent something."

Mrs. Shelly shook her head doubtfully.  
"Inventors are generally hair-brained crea-  
tures."

"Not by a good deal! You ought to be  
ashamed to slander them. Think of what  
they have done for the world."

Tom left the table with his usual but half  
finished, and threw himself down on the  
couch. Putting his hand in his pocket he  
came in contact with something that sent a  
crimson flood to his face. He rose hastily  
and went up to his room. He lit a lamp,  
and smiled in exultation as he laid a small  
object on the table. It was Miss Lucy  
Ware's missing button. Yes, Tom had seen  
it when it dropped, picked it up, and resolv-  
ed to keep it as a remembrance of the fan-  
tastic dream which had so bewitched him.  
Some time, perhaps, he would return it.  
He checked as he thought of her disfigurement,  
and her blinding ignorance of who was the  
possessor of the lost trinket. Then the  
fellow gazed at it long and earnestly,  
finally placing it in an inside pocket of his  
vest.

He went to a shelf on which was ranged  
a choice collection of scientific works, took  
one down and commenced reading. But  
his thoughts refusing to concentrate them-  
selves on the subject of the book, he finally  
threw it aside and went down stairs.

He astonished his mother for the rest of  
the evening by being unusually gay and vivacious.  
He perpetrated fearful jokes, and  
both laughed until the tears ran down their  
cheeks, thus insuring a good night's rest.

But a change was coming. The next day  
Tom brought pencils, compasses, and draft-  
ing paper, and in the evening shut himself  
up in his room. This was repeated the next  
evening, and the next, and at the end of a  
week his mother learned to look no more  
for the pleasant hours they had been wont  
to spend together after tea. Tom grew pale,  
and his face assumed a thoughtful, resolute  
look. And soon he drew half of his two  
hundred dollars from the bank and fitted  
up a little workshop in a back chamber.  
Here the sound of filing and hammering  
was heard late in the hours of almost every  
evening. Tom was working out his idea,  
whatever it was; and it was plainly no  
child's play with him, but a game in which  
he had staked his all—a battle for life or  
death. His earnest face told this, always  
soberly meditative now, and scarcely ever  
relaxing into a smile. His mother noticed  
this; Mr. Dunning noticed it; his friends  
noticed it; but he discharged all his daily  
duties with rigid fidelity, and gave short an-  
swers to expressions of concern. And thus  
the winter passed.

One August day Mr. Dunning said:  
"Shelly, you are entitled to a vacation, and  
you look as though you needed it. Go off  
for a couple of weeks. Your pay shall go  
on the same."

"I don't want it now, sir. I'm all  
right."

"Ah, but I'm afraid you are not all right.  
You are pale and thin."

"I would prefer to work on for the  
present," persisted Tom. "I may want a  
vacation before long. I'll ask for it when  
I do."

"All right. Don't be afraid to mention  
it. Only do not wait till the busy season."

For the next three weeks Tom stuck later  
than ever to his little work shop, evenings,  
and often toiled until the wee small hours  
were tolled out by the lonely, solemn town  
clock.

At the end of that time he went to Mr.  
Dunning with bright, almost happy-looking  
eyes, yet with a faded, exhausted air.

"Now, sir, I want my vacation."

"When?" said Mr. Dunning. "We've  
just got in some big orders you know."

"I can't help it, sir, I must have a  
week."

"You must?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but rather than not have  
it I'll lose my place."

"Why, what's the row, Shelly? Anything  
going wrong?"

"No, sir. I hope you'll pardon my per-  
sistence, but can I go for a week?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Dunning, reflect-  
ively. "I suppose so. You ought to have  
taken it in the summer, though. But  
since you ask for only a week, you shall  
have it."

That night Tom packed something very  
carefully in a small box, bade his mother  
good-bye, and started for Washington.

"Upon my word, Shelly, I didn't know  
there was so much in you!"

Tom Shelly and Mr. Dunning were closeted  
together in the latter's private office,  
with some papers spread out before them,  
and a small brass model of a machine stand-  
ing on the desk.

"Well, sir, since you approve of it, and  
think it likely to answer its purpose, sup-  
pose we talk business."

"Business?"

"Yes. You have capital, and I have the  
patent. There's money in the machine, but  
it will take money to bring it out."

"Very true."

"Well, your capital invested in these  
works is one hundred thousand dollars.  
I'll put in my invention at fifty thousand,  
and own one-third of the establishment."

"Ha! I should think you might!"

"Or, if you like, I will travel two months  
and see how the thing takes before we make  
any agreement."

"Don't you think you've got your ideas  
up rather high on the matter?"

"Perhaps I have," answered Tom coolly;  
"but I don't propose to go begging, and  
let others grow rich out of what I ought to  
have."

"Such things are all experiments—great  
risks."

"I know, sir; but you see what it is, and  
the need it supplies, and it is for you to say  
whether you will run the risk of taking hold  
of it."

Mr. Dunning paused and reflected. "I  
will look the matter over," he said at length,  
"and you may come here to-morrow eve-  
ning."

This was as satisfactory as Tom expected,  
and so he withdrew.

When he went home he asked his mother  
to whom he had confided naught of his  
plans) how she would like to live in Judge  
Graham's house on Main street.

"The Judge is going to Europe and wants  
to sell."

"What is that to us, Tom? We can't buy  
his house."

"Well, we may be able to some time."

"Some time! What a way you have of  
looking ahead, Tom."

"It's better to look ahead than behind, I  
think."

Tom went up stairs, threw himself back  
in a chair, and took Lucy Ware's button out.  
He fingered the memento over and over,  
gazed on it, and finally pressed it to his lips  
stealthily, as if he feared some one might be  
looking. Then he wondered what Mr. Dun-  
ning's decision would be, and revolved in  
his mind all the contingencies of success or  
failure. He slept but little that night, for  
his whole future hung on the interview of  
twenty-four hours hence.

New-year's night! A silver wedding!  
Mr. Dunning's mansion was thrown open  
and thronged with his friends. It was no  
stately affair. The children were there as  
well as the old folks, and the house was  
aglow with merriment and good cheer.

There were beautiful presents, smiling  
congratulations, and shaking of hands;  
bright-eyed girls with dazzling dresses and  
shining white shoulders; dignified matrons  
in stately silks and diamonds; benignant  
fathers in glossy broadcloths and sober kids;  
elegant young men in swallow-tails and  
white vests; screaming children, with wild,  
delighted countenances; and the buzz and  
rustle and din and clatter of the crowd that  
had dismissed dull care for the nonce, and  
was bent on making a night of it.

Tom Shelly was there and so was Lucy  
Ware. The former was surrounded by  
friends and new acquaintances eager to con-  
gratulate him on a recent important event—  
namely, his admission as partner with Mr.  
Dunning.

"Dunning & Shelly have a very respecta-  
ble sound," said one.

"Accept my congratulations on your good  
fortune," said another.

"Well, Tom, your luck has come at last."

"You deserve your luck—every bit of it,"  
were the words of an old friend.

Tom received all this with due grace and  
modesty. A few ventured to sound him, to  
test his intelligence, but were speedily sat-  
isfied on that score. He was a thoughtful  
reader, and possessed a little stock of books  
that many of those around him would have

done well to substitute for the unwholesome  
sweetmeats with which they were wont to  
regale their minds.

In the meantime Tom was soliloquizing  
mentally. He is growing restive and longs  
to speak to Lucy Ware. But he wonders  
how she will receive him—whether his good  
fortune will make him more attractive to  
her. And if it does, and if certain hopes  
he has cherished are fulfilled, will it be he  
that wins her, or something else? Will it be  
a cash match or a love match? Or won't it  
be any match at all, and is such speculation  
idle? These were perplexing questions, and  
Tom found himself unable to consider them  
with that coolness of judgment he had re-  
solved with himself to bring to bear on the  
matter.

At last Tom approached her, and as he  
drew near felt a choking thrill. She was  
just as beautiful as ever, and gave him a  
glance out of her liquid black eyes that  
rippled up from under the long lashes like  
a flood of sunlight.

But in spite of the wild center into which  
his blood was fired, he bade her good-even-  
ing, touching her gloved palm, and uttered  
some commonplace remark with very praise-  
worthy nonchalance.

Just then a set was forming to dance, and  
one couple was wanting. Of course Tom  
asked Miss Ware for the honor, etc., and the  
two marched on the floor.

"You will allow me to express my pleasure  
at your new advancement, will you not?"  
she asked, in a tone in which there was just  
a shade of tremulousness.

"Oh, certainly, if you take enough inter-  
est in me to feel any pleasure at it."

"Why of course I do. I always feel in-  
terested in those deserving of success."

Her tone was quite frank now.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Tom, a little  
disappointed. The sparkle in Miss Ware's  
eyes dilated a little.

"Well, I got it by hard work," he said.

"I went back to my greasy machine-shop  
that time, as you bid me."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you forgotten about it? It was  
when you went to New York to visit your  
aunt. You lost your button at the depot,  
you know, and told me to go back to my  
greasy machine-shop if I couldn't find it."

Miss Ware blushed scarlet. "Oh, do  
not speak of that. It was very rude in me.  
I supposed you had forgotten it. I was on-  
ly in fun."

"But I wasn't." Tom's tone was rather  
stern, and Lucy looked up quickly. "I  
made a vow then."

"Oh, dear! I hope I wasn't the means  
of your making a vow."

"Do you? And suppose you were—what  
then? Is there anything so very alarming  
about making vows?"

"I don't know. They're so very seldom  
kept."

"Ah, but this one is partially fulfilled al-  
ready, and will be entirely some time. Only  
one thing can prevent it."

Miss Lucy did not ask what that one  
thing was, but grew reserved, and during  
the rest of the quadrille did not look into  
Tom's face with her previous unembarrassed  
freedom. The conversation had been  
carried on disjointedly during the pauses in  
the dancing. When the last figure was fin-  
ished Miss Ware said:

"Oh, dear, I am so tired of dancing!  
Let us walk in the other room and see what  
the children are doing."

Her hand still rested on Tom's arm, and  
they made their way into another apart-  
ment, where a merry throng of boys and  
girls were partaking of the pleasures of  
that old and exciting game, "Button! but-  
ton! who's got the button?"

"That's a good old game," said Lucy.

"Button! button! who's got the but-  
ton?" came in ringing tones from one of  
the children.

"I've got it!" cried Tom.

"No, sir, I've got it myself!" shouted a  
merry blue-eyed girl.

A little scene of confusion followed, and  
then the game went on.

Lucy Ware looked up at Tom in sur-  
prise.

"What made you say that?" she asked.

"Because it's true," he answered, look-  
ing at her with a curious twitch of the eye.  
Lucy looked puzzled.

"Do you want to see it?"

"Yes."

He reached in his pocket and held some-  
thing in his hand.

"Why," she exclaimed in amazement,  
"that's mine! Where did you get it? It's  
the one I lost."

"I know it."

She blushed vividly, and was utterly mys-  
tified, and said, "Please explain."

"I picked it up when you lost it that  
time."

"And why didn't you give it to me?"

"I took it to my greasy machine-shop."

"Please don't?"

Tom laughed, grew serious, and whisper-  
ed, "I kept it because I loved you. And  
I haven't got over it yet. I made a vow  
to keep that button till I worked my way  
out of that greasy machine-shop, and its  
owner cared enough for it to pay for its re-  
storation by becoming my wife."

"But my sash has gone out of fashion  
and the button will be of no use to me. And  
besides, I think you ought to be willing to  
give more than a button for what you ask."

Tom seized her hand and exclaimed, "I  
can give the whole love of an undivided  
heart—a life-long devotion—a love as un-  
changing as the sun that shines! Will that  
do?"

"I don't know but it will," she mur-  
mured.

And so the matter ended.

## Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.  
May 15, 1863.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clear-  
field, Pa.  
H. BRIDGE, Merchant Tailor, Market St.,  
May 1871.

P. A. GAULIN, dealer in Books, Stationery,  
Envelopes, &c., Market St., Clearfield, Pa.  
May 1871.

R. MITCHELL, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries,  
Flour and Feed, Fish, Salt, &c., Cor. 24 St.,  
and Hill road, Clearfield, Pa. May 1871.

H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware  
and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron  
ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar 70.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and  
dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c., Room in  
Graham's row, Marketstreet. Nov 16.

A. K. WRIGHT & SONS, dealers in Dry Goods,  
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c., Sec-  
ond Street, Clearfield, Pa. May 1871.

THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney-at-Law,  
Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly  
attended to. Oct 27, 1869.

D. R. FULLERTON, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hats  
&c., Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Second  
St., Clearfield, Pa. May 1871.

D. BENNER, Manufacturer of and dealer in all  
kinds of Furniture, corner Market and 5th  
streets, Clearfield, Pa. May 1871.

MILLER & POWELL, dealers in Dry Goods,  
Groceries, Hardware, Lumber &c., Market  
Street, Clearfield, Pa. May 1871.

ORRIN T. NOBLE, Attorney at Law, and Alder-  
man, Office on Grove Street, opposite the  
Post Office, Lock Haven, Pa. Jan 29, 70-y.

DEED BROS., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.  
Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions,  
Hosiery, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing  
Goods, &c. June 15, 70.

J. P. RIVY, : : : D. L. KRIBS  
IRVIN & KRIBS, (Successors to H. B. Swoope),  
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, Market Street,  
Clearfield, Pa. Nov 29, 1870.

KRATZER & LITTLE, dealers in Dry Goods,  
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Clothing,  
&c., Market Street, (opposite the Jail), Clearfield,  
Pa. May 1871.

SACKETT & SCHRYVER, dealers in Hard-  
ware, Stoves, &c., and Manufacturers of Tin,  
Sheet-iron and Copperware, Market St., Clear-  
field, Pa. May 1871.

I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines,  
Fancy Articles, &c., and Proprietor of Dr.  
Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street,  
Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 70.

BIGLER, YOUNG & CO., Manufacturers of  
Steam Engines, Circular and Muley Saw  
Mills, Water Wheels, Stoves, &c., Fourth and Pine  
streets, Clearfield, Pa. May 1871.

J. B. MENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield  
Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining  
counties. Office in new brick building of J. Horn-  
um, 24 street, one door south of Lanier's Hotel.

J. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will  
attend promptly to all legal business entrusted  
to his care